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"THERE'S AN OLD MAN BACK ON THE ROAD. WE MISSED HIM; PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK"

FIAT



Lancia Winning Coppa D'Oro in 35 H. P. FIAT

"FIAT" Cars, by winning the recent 2,671-mile Coppa D'Oro Endurance Run in Italy, established a new standard for *reliability*. For nine days, on bad roads over mountains, in rain and hail—terrible conditions that reduced the 48 starters to 16 at the end—Lancia's stock "FIAT" Touring Car varied less than two minutes a day from the standard running time. The team won First, Fourth and Fifth, the great Gold Cup and eight special prizes for reliability, endurance and speed.

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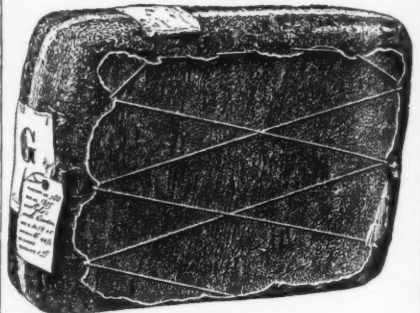
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KNOX HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.

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(Bale of Turkish tobacco just as received from Cavalla, Turkey.)



"Nestor" Cigarettes

(Nestor Gianacis, Cairo and Boston)

The same grade of tobaccos and the same blends as used in our Cairo factory are employed in the manufacture of "Nestors" in this country.

Because of this fact, and owing to the enormous difference in import duties between the manufactured article and the tobacco in the leaf, we are now able to market "Nestor" cigarettes, of *identically similar quality and workmanship*, at a very much reduced price than you have been paying for imported "Nestors."

25c.

packet of ten.

Sold by Clubs, Hotels, and Dealers the *World* over. "Nestor" Cigarettes retain their natural flavor and aroma much better when kept in bulk, and, therefore, we advise purchasing in tins of 50s and 100s.

"NESTOR" SPECIALTIES:

Extra fine "Moyen" in 50s and 100s, \$4.00 per 100.
"Kings," 22 carat gold tipped, 20s, 90 cts.; 100s, \$4.50.
"Queens," 22 " " " 20s, 80 cts.; 100s, 4.00.

Orders for these special goods receive our prompt attention.

Write for brochure "The Story of the Nestor."
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THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE

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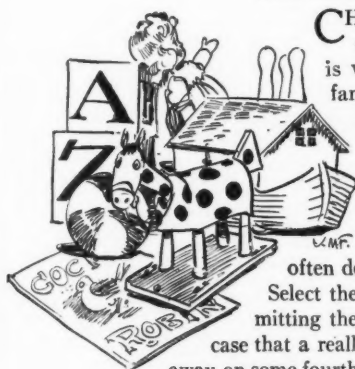


LIFE'S PATENT WATERMOBILE

VERY POPULAR AT THE SEASIDE AND ON MOUNTAIN LAKES WHERE THE ROADS ARE BAD.

Raising Children

(From our Farm Magazine)



CHILDREN can be raised in almost every zone where there is water, air and money. Good, fancy stock is always in demand and, on account of the variability in its development, very uncertain. Good specimens are often obtained from mongrel types, and it has been found that selected stock often deteriorates fast in the offspring. Select the parents with care, never permitting them any choice. It is often the case that a really fine female will throw herself away on some fourth-rate male, and *vice versa*.

Children should be looked over carefully at birth, and those that have marks, blemishes, physical idiosyncrasies, etc., should be carefully set aside. While not making good baseball, football, golf players or hotel porters, oftentimes among them are found generals and geniuses, financiers and fanatics, statesmen and seers.

Is the raising of children a profitable investment?

Generally speaking, No.

Undoubtedly large profits have been made from them, but

not by the original owners. Yet men are so foolish that they go on giving others the benefit of something that only results in trouble and loss for themselves.

The same energy applied to raising dogs, chickens, elephants, ostriches and homing pigeons will often produce better results.

The New Régime

CANNIBAL KING: Take away that potted missionary. I'm a vegetarian until our canning factory is overhauled.

Fit to Be a Doctor

MR. EDWARD PAGE MITCHELL, of the New York *Sun*, has been an indifferent advertiser, and while he has undoubtedly attained to high reputation, his fame is much more notable for its substance and quality than for the extent of its diffusion. Mr. Mitchell has been on the staff of the *Sun* for more years than it would be polite to compute and is now the leading member of it. Bowdoin College conferred upon him this year the degree of Doctor of Letters. That was creditable to Bowdoin, though while it was about it it would have done better to make him a Doctor of Laws. Sufficient achievement to establish half a dozen doctors of letters could be abstracted from the sum of Mr. Mitchell's performance without appreciable diminution of either its volume or its heft.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. JULY 26. 906. No. 1239
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



CAPITAL punishment is in very poor condition in New York, New England and all the region hereabouts, excepting, possibly, New Jersey. A while ago New York State abolished hanging and substituted for it the electrical method of extinguishing life. The argument was that the new method was more stylish, more modern, more humane, less liable to bungling accidents and in all respects worthier of the plane of civilization on which we now exist. New York's example has since been followed by other States. Electrical executions are effectual enough when they actually take place, but they do not seem to be popular. One evil thing they have done is to annihilate the time-honored phraseology of capital punishment. The words that now describe it are so barbarous and circumlocutory that persons of fine sensibilities object to using them. When a criminal deserves hanging, and one has to say that he should be "sent to the electric chair," there is no satisfaction in talking about his case at all. The new method does not seem to find its way into the affections of the people. The old practice of breaking a murderer's neck by the use of rope and gallows was understood. The new process is not understood except by electrical experts.

At any rate, "electrocution" is not doing the work it was intended to accomplish. It is not relieving society of a sufficient proportion of murderers. If it does not do better, no one need be surprised to hear of a demand for a repeal of the electrical execution law and a return to old-style hangings.

Certainly, by one means or another, murder must be made less frequent and less safe in this community; and not murder only, but all the kinds of homicide. There were fifty-two persons killed

in New York City in June, of whom eight were murdered and twenty-eight were run over by cars or other vehicles. We ought to get along with less killing. The statistics for mortality here read too much like those for Chicago.



INSANE persons who kill others ought not, of course, to be convicted of murder, though it is likely enough that the time will come when persons who are hopelessly and dangerously insane will be detached from this life by some painless means. Mary Lamb had attacks of acute mania, and in one of them she killed her mother, but between seizures she was a good woman. Her case is a good example of the sort of insanity that makes killing no murder. It was right that she should be shut up when she was mad and let out when she was sane. That was done in her case and worked perfectly well. It seems possible, however, to be overfastidious about ascertaining the precise condition of the wits of persons who kill, for cause and with murderous intent. No one does a murder when he is feeling amiable, and there are plenty of other grounds for feeling unamiable besides insanity. No one is likely to suggest that the Hotel Plaza ironworkers who killed ex-Policeman Butler the other day were insane.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Mr. Bryan both made Fourth of July speeches this year, one at Oyster Bay, the other in London. President Roosevelt said we should hate sin and do our best to make it hateful to sinners, but that we should not hate the sinners. Mr. Bryan discussed the "White Man's Burden." The *Springfield Republican* says his speech had some "Lyman Abbott sentiments in it," but it excuses him because he lately advocated giving independence to the Christian part of the Philippines in five years.

Lyman Abbott or not, both of the addresses were good and both were adapted to make the American people

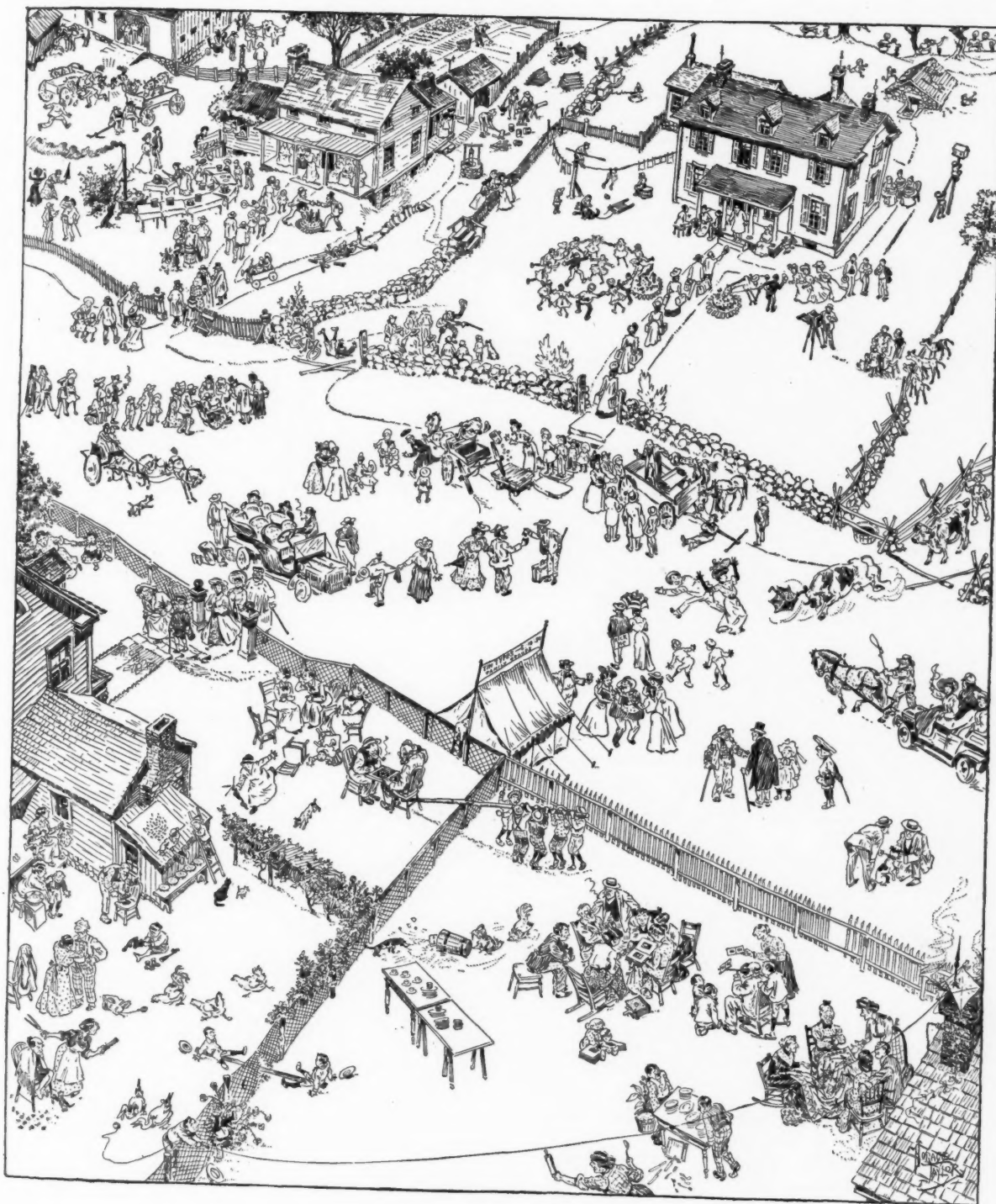
thankful that they had two eminent moralists in positions where by precept and example they could most advantageously inspire and influence their fellow countrymen.

The truth is we all want to be good now, and nobody can strengthen himself in our affections more than by lighting our feet along the path of rectitude and giving us sound and helpful counsel about our national and individual deportment. But if Mr. Bryan hopes to rival President Roosevelt as a homiletical orator, his work is cut out for him.



PROFESSOR WHEELER, of Yale, has been making public declaration that the Monroe Doctrine is "the embodiment of national greed and selfishness," which is a curious opinion. To convey the opposite impression about it is doubtless one of the chief purposes of the missionary voyage of Secretary Root to the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro and thence on to the other South American ports. Mr. Root's errand is one of fellowship and reassurance. We shall be glad to have the South Americans meet him. They naturally form their opinions of us more from the kind of officials we send to them than other people do who see us oftener and know us better. When we have sent them good ministers they have usually appreciated it.

For example: Mr. Edward H. Strobel, to whom Harvard this year gave an LL.D., was an exceedingly popular and useful American representative in South America. Mr. Cleveland sent him as minister to Chile when that country was on the brink of war with us. Mr. Strobel, being a man of learning, tact, integrity and diplomatic experience, immediately commended himself and his country to the Chileans, and within two or three years was acting as arbitrator in local South American disputes. He was a man in a million for such work, and should have been kept in South America just as long as he was willing to stay, but when the Republicans came in in 1897 he lost his job, and the country lost his services, which went where they were better appreciated. If we had kept more Strobel in South America, Mr. Root's errand would be neither so necessary nor so difficult.



FROM OUR AIRSHIP
THE SMITH FAMILY REUNION



AT LIFE'S FARM

READY FOR A WALK, HEADED BY OUR OWN BAND

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowl- edged.....	\$1,589 80	J. L. T.....	\$25 00
Miss Mary T. Gayley	15 00	A. W. T.....	100 00
Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	50 00	Ellen Bruce Lee and Henry Davis Lee.....	5 00
H. W. P.....	10 00	T. M. C.....	50 00
W. B. N.....	10 00	H. B.....	10 00
M. W. Lowe.....	5 00	H. D. S.....	5 00
"Spunk".....	3 00		
In Memory of Lowry.....	12 00	Total.....	\$1,889 80

Acknowledged with Thanks

3 barrels of crackers, from Messrs. Chatland & Lenhart, Brownsville, Pa.
2 cases large B. N. beef.
3 cases large assorted conserves, Beechnut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.

THE desire to get somebody else to do our work is the mainspring of civilization.

Call Him "Bill"



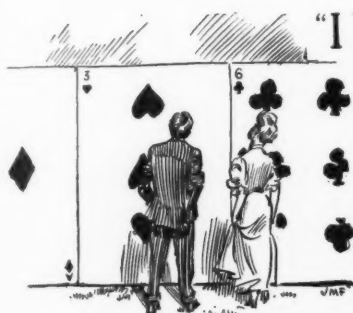
WE DON'T know what may or may not be going to happen. Nobody can look ahead two whole years; but it is just as well for folks who want to be on the safe side to call him "Bill" now, while he is still a private citizen, and before any one can chide them for not showing proper respect for the incumbent of the highest office in the people's gift. "Bill Bryan" is a nice, homespun name which fits well in the mouth. There are still two years, certainly, in which we can use it with comfort and propriety.

We never before were actuated by signs or tokens to take time by the forelock to enjoy this particular privilege, but too much significance must not be attached to that. "Bill" sounds well anyhow, and besides, a great many of us are only just now beginning to attain to a first name intimacy with him.



Cholly Bug: GEE! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO PROPOSE IN A PEA-POD CANOE. I KNEW SHE'D JUMP AT THE CHANCE.

"AS MAN TO MAN"



"I WISH," she said, "that men would say what they mean to women."

"Don't they?" he asked innocently.

She readjusted the college fraternity pin at her throat. "No," she replied.

"Certainly not."

He was beginning to gather her meaning. "But," he said gently, "the kind of a woman to whom a man can say what he wants is the kind he doesn't care for."

"I don't believe it. That's

only a man's way of admitting that he is a coward."

"A coward!"

"Yes. About women he is timid. He tells her only those things that she will not resent."

"Would you call this cowardice? Isn't it in reality only self-defense?"

She looked at him sharply. This young girl was bright and enthusiastic. "Now!" she exclaimed emphatically, "you are doing with me precisely what I detest—you are treating me like a woman."

"Good gracious! Am I? Forgive me!"

"There you go again." She rose decisively. "I'll have no more of you," she said. "I simply cannot stand your mental



PLEASURES OF CONEY ISLAND

"WE HAVE SEEN 'CREATION' AND 'THE END OF THE WORLD,' NOW LET'S GO TO 'THE INFERNAL REGIONS.'"



"OH, MR. BOGGS! TOMMIE BETTS IS TEACHING HIS COLT NOT TO BE AFRAID OF THINGS, AND HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO COME OUT IN THE YARD AND STICK YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE FENCE WHILE HE DRIVES PAST A FEW TIMES?"

patronage. Yes, that's exactly what it is. It's the attitude which men almost universally assume toward women, and I, for one, will not permit it."

His tone changed instantly. "Please don't go yet," he pleaded in the most serious manner. "Forgive me if I appeared in such a discourteous light. Let us discuss it—well, as man to man!"

She smiled. "You couldn't!" she said. "You'd forget yourself."

"Then you shall correct me. But I'll try my level best to, to—well, just what do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to treat me as if I were a man, and not a mere creature in a shirt-waist, who contains no other possibility than a flirtation. I want you to respect me for my mind, and not for my sex. I don't ask you even to tolerate me, if I am wrong. Just treat me like another man—that's all I ask."

He paused, in thought. "That's not quite so easy as it seems," he said, "especially as you are in reality an attractive girl—I'm speaking now as man to man—and I might forget myself. Still, there is justice in what you say. Don't let us consider whose fault it is, whether it is that of the men, for treating women as if they didn't know anything, or of the women, for letting them do it. It is a fact, and we must fight it. Let's see, Miss Reed—your name is Josephine?"

"Yes."

"Then permit me to call you Joe? It will help."

She looked at him doubtfully. "You're not backsliding, Mr. Kent?"

"Not at all. I'm dead serious. I want to think of you as another chap, that is, I want to keep your mind distinct from you. I may call you 'old man.' You wouldn't mind that?"

She laughed. "Anything," she said, "to get results. I'll call you Kent."

"Or Dick, if you like," he said, carelessly.

"Very well."

He looked at his watch. "Well, Joe, I must be going. I want to think it over, you know. I'll see you to-night."

"Yes, I expect to be there."

That evening they met at Professor Dart's. There was good music—there usually is in a college town. Then there were cards for those who cared, and afterward refreshments—a generally informal evening.

He was asked to fill in at bridge. She was his partner.

"Too bad," he said, "that you didn't double it. We could have gone out."

"Why, I had no spades," she said, "and only three little clubs."

"But you held command in hearts, and look at your diamonds. You missed it. That was bad play." He turned to his left-hand opponent—a man. "Wasn't it?" he asked.

His left-hand opponent squirmed. "Why, I—don't—know," he said. "It might have been—er—different."

Miss Reed looked at her partner—daggers! "I admit it," she said, "it was bad play. Go on!"

For some moments they played in silence.

"You should have finessed that queen of diamonds," she said triumphantly, at the end of another hand.

"Not at all," he replied, calmly. "It

would have given me command at the wrong moment. If you like," he said, "I'll play the hand over again and show you where I was right about that."

She flushed. "No matter."

Later on they met in the supper-room. "Were you mad at me," he whispered, "because I called you down at cards?"

"Yes, but then I remembered."

He smiled. "I wouldn't have done it, of course, if you had been a woman. I treated you just the same as I would any of the boys at the club."

"You were right. Cards are not my strong point."

"Most women play them atrociously. But I was glad I was playing with you."

She smiled. "But," she protested, "I play little better than a woman—that is, if they are as bad as you say."

"Don't you think so? They have no concentration. There is nothing original about them. They learn rules and follow more or less blindly. Of course, you don't—that is, not in that sense. You haven't played much. It isn't your strong point."

"You flatter me."

"Not a bit. You play badly enough, heaven knows! But you couldn't be expected to do any better."

She frowned. Then got up. "Excuse me a moment," she said.

"Where are you going?"

"To get some salad."

"Let me"—

She gave him a look.

"Let me," he said, smiling, "go with you. I want some myself."

They helped themselves individually and then sat down again.

"I'm going to ask you a rather blunt question, old chap," he said, looking at her earnestly. "Don't you find it rather hard to be—a man?"

"No."

He looked at her curiously. "I thought," he said, "at the card-table that you were really angry and came almost near forgetting yourself."

"Nonsense!"

At this moment they were joined by the professor. "Well, Miss Reed, how do your valedictory honors sit upon you? I suppose you will be going back home soon?"

"Yes, to-morrow. It was worth working so hard to be valedictorian, Professor."

"We are proud of you."



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST

Showers and Cooler

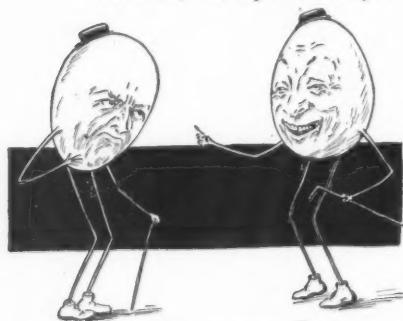
Kent smiled. "Yes," he said, "we are certainly proud of Miss Reed. By the way," he continued, turning to her, "I noticed in your essay that you referred to Darwin as being the founder of the theory of evolution, whereas Lamarck, who came before him, discusses it, and even as far back as Heraclitus!"

The professor laid a kindly hand on Kent's shoulder. "Tut, tut," he said, "a young man like you ought to be more gallant than that. Who cares?"

"But," persisted Kent, "we are concerned about the truth of this matter. I claim that Miss Reed was wrong in her statement. Honestly, now, Professor, if she was a man, you'd tell her so, wouldn't you?"

The Professor laughed, evasively. "You're too deep for me," he said, moving away. "Have it out between you."

Kent looked at her frankly. "After all," he said, "it's all relative. You're a pretty girl. You had on a lovely gown, and when you read your essay no one cared or thought about looking at it critically. Why don't you publish it anonymously—at your own expense—



Fresh Egg: OLD MAN, YOU WANT TO CHEER UP AND DO AWAY WITH THAT COUNTENANCE OF YOURS.

Hard Boiled Egg: I AM SICK. JUST HAD A BOILING-HOT BATH AND I FEEL AS IF EVERYTHING INSIDE OF ME WAS SOLID.

and send it to the book reviewers—then you'll learn how bad it is. Isn't that so, Joe?"

There was a silence between them. In the general hum no one noticed it.

She rose. "I must go," she said, abruptly.

"What for? Have I offended you?"

"Certainly not. Good-night."

"Joe—old man," this in a whisper.

"Well?"

He looked at her quizzically. "Before we part, I want to ask you something—your advice. To-morrow we both go home—I to business, you to your new life. Perhaps you can tell me something of real value. Will you come?"

He led the way through the throng, through the music and reception rooms, out onto a side piazza, screened with palms—a fad with the professor's wife. There were two vacant chairs.

"What do you wish of me?" she said, shortly.

"Simply this. I am desperately in love

with you—as a woman. Now, as a man, do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Not the slightest."

"Honest—Joe, old chap?"

"Absolutely." Her face was stern and unrelenting.

He reached forward and took her hand, as if to say good-by—and held it for a moment. "All right," he said, "only—I'd like to say something more, now that it's all over, and that is, Miss Josephine, that I was wrong to-night. You *shouldn't* have doubled that no-trump hand. I *should* have finessed that queen. I ought to have been polite and gotten you that salad. And as for what you said about Darwin, he *did* discover evolution, and your essay was finer than any masculine one that I've heard for years. I was wrong, Miss Josephine, and you were right."

Her face softened. "Perhaps," she said, "I might possibly reconsider that decision—that is, on one condition."

He put his arms around her. "And that is?" he whispered.

"That you treat me like a woman all the rest of our lives."

Tom Masson.

Favorite Slang Expressions

THE judge's—Go hang.
The dentist's—You have a nerve.
The dyspeptic's—That's rich.
The minister's—Good Lord.
The lover's—I like your cheek.
The sportsman's—Oh, shoot it.
The drummer's—Beat it.
The single-taxer's—By George.
The doctor's—Dead easy.
The detective's—After you, my dear Alphonse.
The dyer's—Fade away.
The printer's—The devil.
The spendthrift's—Dear me.

THE stoutest pessimist is an optimist about himself.

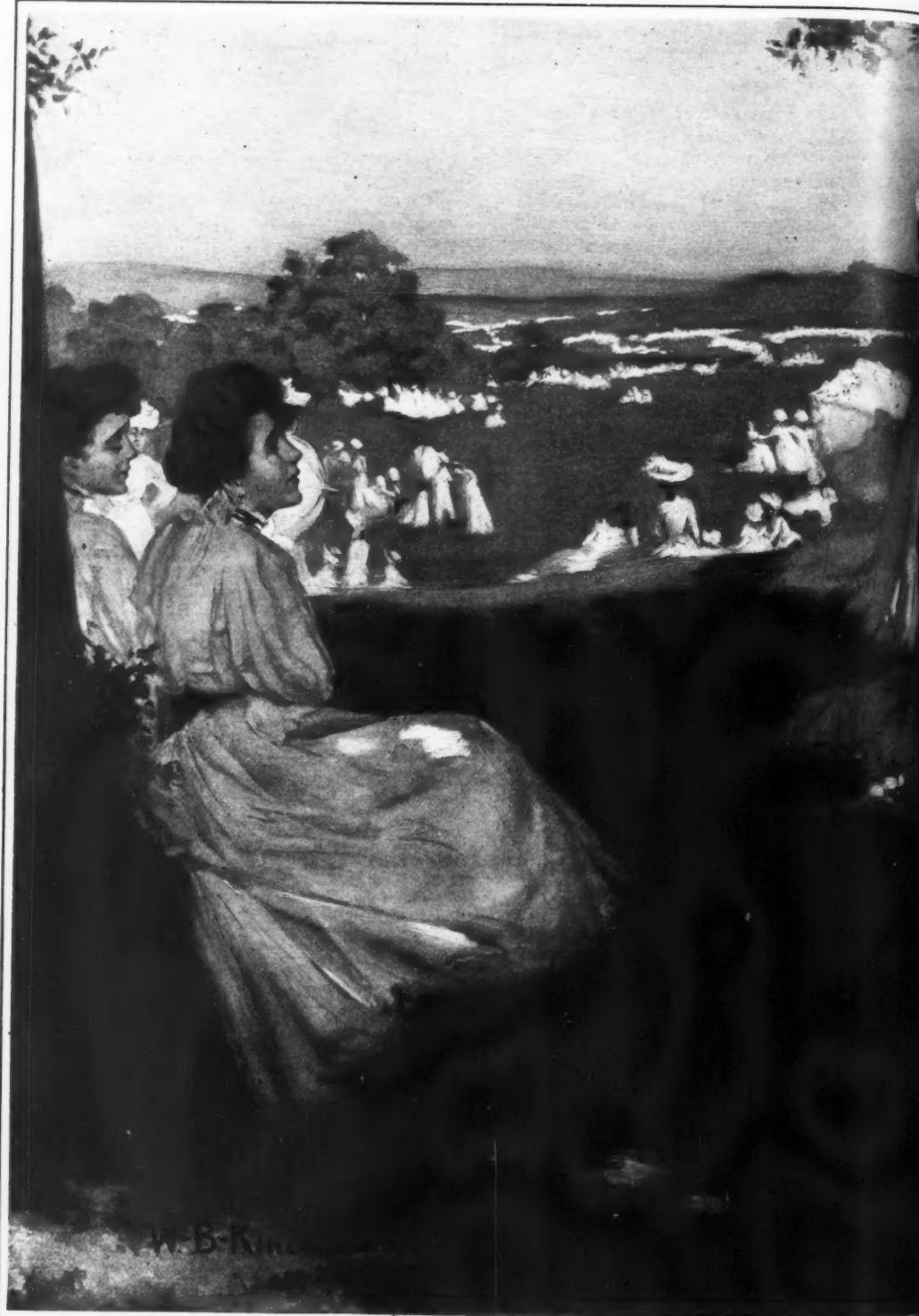


WHY THEY MARRIED

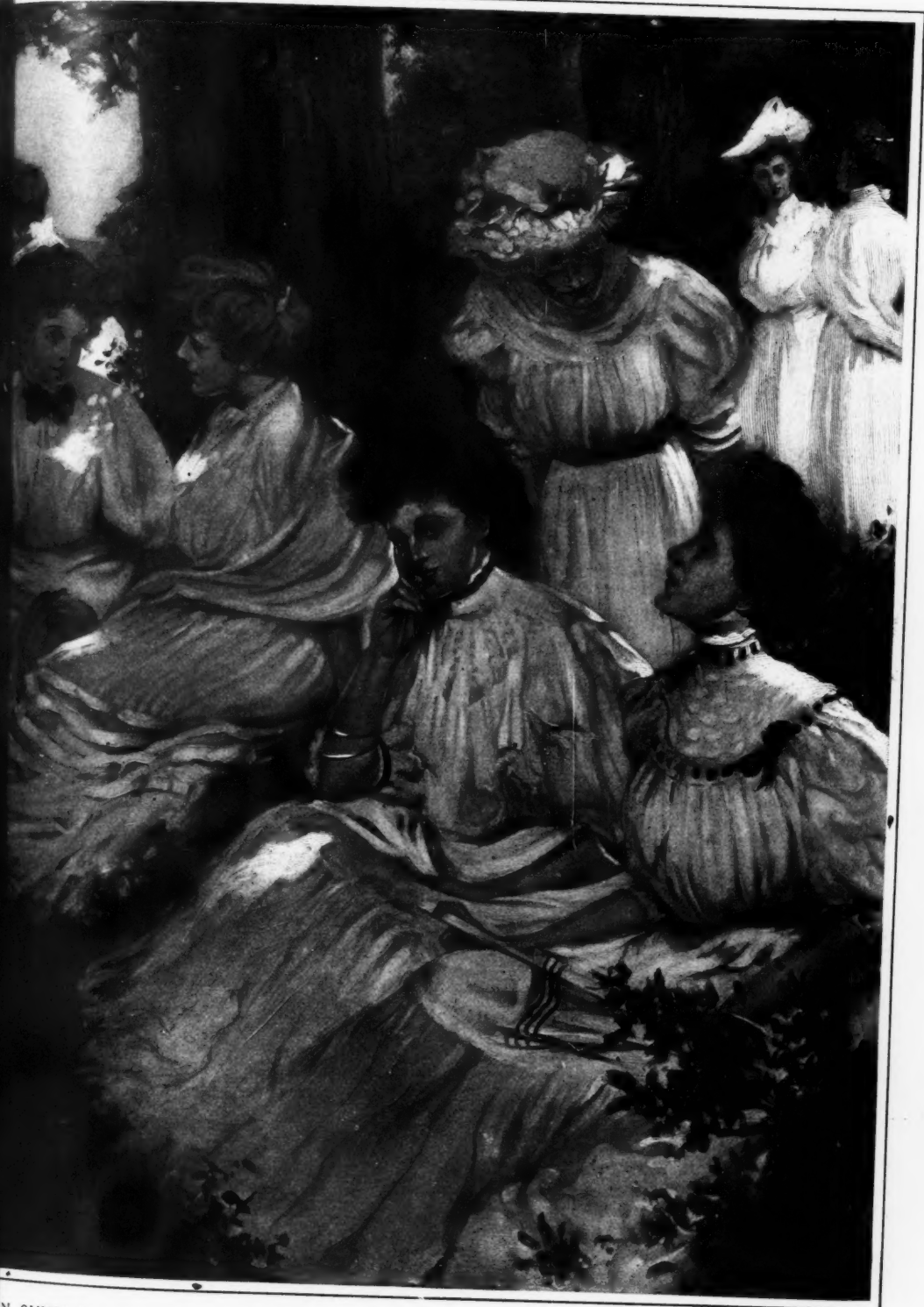
BOTH POOR AS JOB'S TURKEY AND NOT OVERSTRONG—
HOLD A THREE-DOLLAR JOB THE MAN COULDN'T—
WE ARE FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT THEY MARRIED BECAUSE
THERE WAS EVERY GOOD REASON THEY SHOULDN'T!

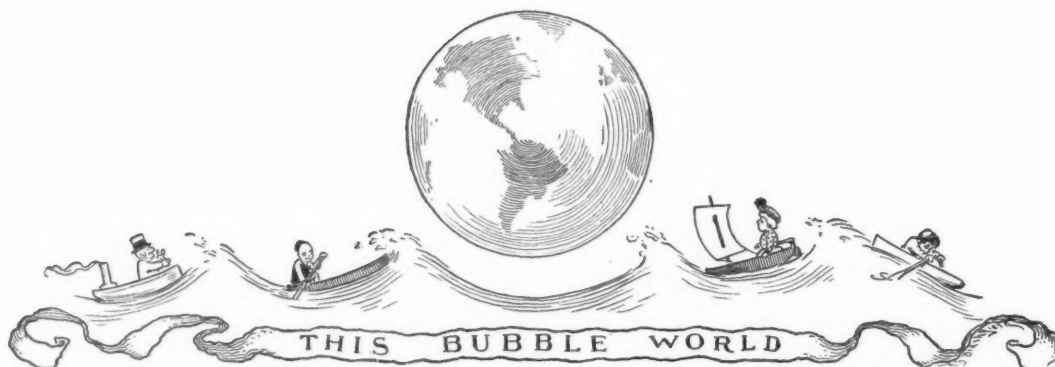
HE MARRIED HER BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T SWAGGER LIKE A MAN,
NOR DID SHE STAND WITH FEET APART, TOES IN;
SHE WASN'T A "GOOD FELLOW," THICKLY COATED WITH A TAN—
SHE WAS MERELY LOVELY, REALLY FEMININE!

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AN AMERICAN L... IN SUMM...





SIR JOSEPH WARD, New Zealand's Prime Minister, says that President Roosevelt is the greatest man in the world.—*Rochester Herald*.

An expert lip-reader watching Mr. Bryan read this might see his lips framing the words, "except one."



A Newport belle gave a birthday dinner to her horse.—*Houston Post*.

What has happened to the Newport monkey?

As for the Ice Trust, it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.—*Philadelphia Press*.

It couldn't have been weighed on its own scales.



NO ROOM FOR DOUBT

SAID A DAME TO HER DAUGHTER—A VENUS—
"WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ALONE WITH PHILENUS
IS HE NICE AND POLITE?"
AND THE DAUGHTER SAID, "QUITE,
FOR WE ALWAYS HAVE ONE CHAIR BETWEEN US."

If Secretary Taft would make a tariff speech.—*Baltimore News*.

But he won't.

Depew again announces that he will not resign.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

To which he might appropriately add Boss Tweed's "What are you going to do about it?"

Professor Bell's report on the blind and deaf of the country says there are more deaf males than females.—*Baltimore American*.

Another of nature's beneficent adjustments.

Pittsburg has notified railway companies entering the city to cease using bituminous coal—or else stay out.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Good for Pittsburg!

Chorus girls in New York have suddenly grown shy. Most of them are busy dodging subpoenas from the District-Attorney's office.—*Rochester Democrat*.

If the District-Attorney knew his business, he'd bait those subpoenas with automobiles and pearl dog-collars.

Among the qualifications for a Manitoba crop expert are a fountain pen and an imagination.—*Montreal Star*.

Besides these, the American expert needs a connection with a firm of brokers.

An Indiana girl shot her father to keep him from getting married again.—*Chicago News*.

She evidently thought an ounce of lead was better than several pounds of step-mother.

The story is wired from Davenport, Iowa, that Sarah Bernhardt is an Iowa girl, born in Sioux City and reared in Des Moines.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

That startling fact accounts for her speaking French with an Iowa accent.

At least enough evidence has developed since Thaw shot White to prove that New York needs a house-cleaning.—*Chicago News*.

Not evidence—gossip and yellow journalism.

Texas and Massachusetts are a good ways apart.—*Boston Transcript*.

And from Boston, too! Never mind, neighbor; the New York *Sun* will absolve you on the ground of usage.



It has been discovered that Congress made no appropriation to carry out the provisions of the Pure Food Bill.—*Rochester Democrat*.

A true history of the pure food legislation would make interesting reading for the constituents of some Congressmen.

Mr. Bryan does not relish the possibility of keeping a muzzle on for two years.—*Washington Star*.

Not a possibility, unless the muzzle was double riveted and welded.



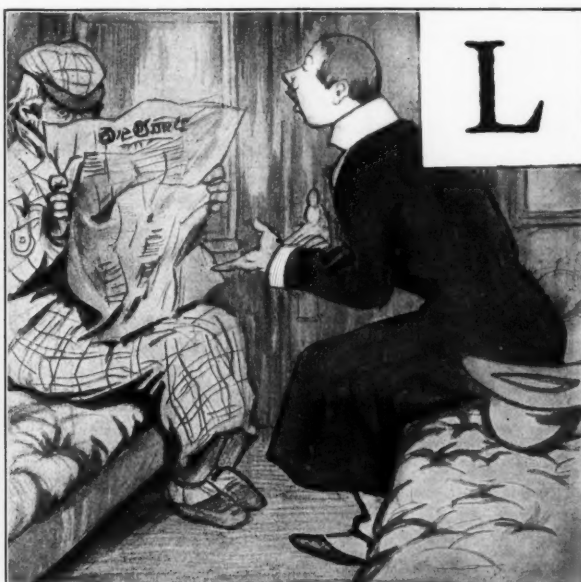
THE DEBUTANTE'S BAWL

AN ALPHABET OF BORES

By OLIVER HERFORD



I'S the intensely Intense
Who dilates on the "Where" and the "Whence,"
The "Wherefore" and "Why"
And the "Ego" (or "I"),
Not to mention the "Hither" and "Hence"



L'S the Loquacious variety
Who is found in all sorts of Society;
He drinks in the sound
Of his own Voice till drowned
In a species of self-inebriety.



From Our Readers

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Your publication of the savory "Limburger" correspondence, showing the replacement of one old subscriber by two new ones, suggests a novel method of increasing circulation having brilliant possibilities. Can it be that LIFE is too simple-minded to have guessed it, or is the recent publication of numerous letters from correspondents who "regret to note for the first time" something particularly exceptionable about his conduct to be taken as an indication that the clever little rascal has actually *invented* this scheme for amusing himself and increasing his popularity? Search out your subscribers' individual pet aversions, apply salt and turpentine, and

rub well in, let stand to a boil, skim off the cream of the manuscript (coming to you free of charge), spread upon your weekly pages, and serve with editorial spice. In just proportion to the howls of the victim will come the hurrahs of the rest of us, and for each shekel that leaves you several new ones will come rattling into your coffers.

It can readily be figured out that your circulation will grow in geometrical progression, and the consciousness of having used the grand human principle of *gaudium alieni doloris*, or, as we moderns more finely express it, "the greatest good of the greatest number," in so pleasurable and profitable a manner must ever be a source of comfort to you as well as cash.

July 2, 1906. A. Schopenhauer, Jr.

BRAHAM, MINN.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:
Gentlemen—Does it make "LIFE miserable" when a subscriber writes saying that only special numbers are worth ten cents, and recommends fewer and better papers? Please do not follow that suggestion. We want LIFE every week, and think we get not only ten cents' worth of fun out of each issue, but several dollars' worth of general information during the year.

June 14, 1906. Mrs. S. P. Crosby.

BLACK ROCK, BRIDGEPORT, CT.
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—I've been borrowing, buying, stealing and reading you, off and on, for twenty years. Think that it's about time for me to subscribe, so inclose five dollars.

Don't always agree with things you say—wouldn't spend time reading you if I did.

Sincerely yours,

June 16, 1906. Arthur K. L. Watson.



PROFESSOR ELIE METCHNIKOFF'S work on *The Nature of Man* is one of the most interesting tentative studies in the new field of biological inquiry which has appeared in recent years. He calls it "studies in optimistic philosophy," but since it is essentially an explanation of the physiological sources of optimism and pessimism, it will probably only appear optimistic to the optimist. He outlines the disharmonies existing between our present environment and our evolved physical constitutions and traces to those disharmonies most of the haunting mysteries of life, from the origin of evil, through the contradictory manifestations of "divine justice," to the fear of death. He has treated an abstruse and necessarily technical subject with clear lucidity and furnishes an effective countercheck on the value of personal bias.

Interested followers of such lines of inquiry as this work of Professor Metchnikoff and such modern philosophical deductions as those of Haeckel and others, founded upon physical rather than metaphysical inferences, and drawing their inspiration from scientific rather than empirical sources, will find in H. Charlton Bastian's comprehensive discussion of the present knowledge of *The Nature and Origin of Living Matter* a most valuable piece of supplementary reading. The work is one which requires, in non-professional readers, a certain amount of preparatory knowledge and some eclectic ability, but is an admirable, comprehensible setting forth of intensely complex and intensely interesting matters.

As a book of practical reference for the use of travelers and amateur botanists in general, Julia W. Henshaw's *Mountain Wild Flowers of America* has several serious drawbacks. For the sake of the illustrations, of which there are one hundred reproduced from excellent photographs, the entire volume is printed on heavy calendered paper and weighs far too much for easy handling. The descriptions of the flowers are condensed into a few lines of highly distilled technical language and three-fifths of the space devoted to each plant given to poetic appreciation or historical and legendary comment. Facts in regard to the season of blooming are only occasionally introduced and no information is given in regard to the parts of the country where the plants are found. It adds nothing to such a book as F. S. Mathews's *Field Book of American Wild Flowers* and is far less handy.

Marah Ellis Ryan, in her romance of old California, *For the Soul of Rafael*, has made effective selection from the picturesque and dramatic material offered by the displacement of the Spanish by the American civilization. The story, which in its consummation is a tragedy, dreamy and lotus flavored, is none the less full of vivid pictures and well-contrasted characters from a period of incipient transition.

The Tracer of Lost Persons is the title of Robert W. Chambers's contribution to the season's summer reading and con-

tains some of the achievements of a beneficent old party who is a new type in the gallery of sleuths and a happy excuse for some of Mr. Chambers's semi-nonsense. The book is by no means a second *Iole*, but it is a good side partner for a loaf, and one cannot ask an *Iole* every twelve months.

Anne Warner's latest stories, told through the medium of her celebrated heroine and mistress of monologue, *Susan Clegg*, are, if anything, better than Susan's previous efforts at our entertainment. *The Deacon's Dilemma*, *The Automobile* and the other gossip brought to "Mrs. Lathrop" by her indefatigable neighbor are as fresh and laughable as though Susan had never been heard of before, and the book is one of the good things of the summer's offerings.

Besides the confinable variety, there are two brands of the idiots, the cheerful and the facetious. The handbook on *Eediotic Etiquette*, compiled by Gideon Wurdz, belongs in the latter class, enlivened by occasional touches of vulgarity, and when in search of a foolish half-hour one can go further and fare better.

J. B. Kerfoot.

- The Nature of Man*, by Elie Metchnikoff. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The Nature and Origin of Living Matter, by H. Charlton Bastian. (T. Fisher Unwin, London, England.)
Mountain Wild Flowers of America, by Julia W. Henshaw. (Ginn and Company. \$2.00.)
For the Soul of Rafael, by Marah Ellis Ryan. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.50.)
The Tracer of Lost Persons, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs, by Anne Warner. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)
Eediotic Etiquette, by Gideon Wurdz (Charles Wayland Towne). (Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$0.75.)

TOMMY: Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama?

PA: The Isthmus of Panama, Tommy, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States treasury.



SCENE AT ALMOST ANY RAILROAD STATION

"I SHALL HAVE TO CHARGE YOU EXCESS BAGGAGE ON THIS ONE, MA'AM."
 "HOW PERFECTLY OUTRAGEOUS! I SHA'N'T PAY IT."



"OH SLEEP! IT IS A GENTLE THING
BELOVED FROM POLE TO POLE."

The Ancient Mariner, Part V.

Why White's Friends Are Silent



THE Springfield *Republican* thinks it wo-
fully significant that while there has
been so much of the blackest newspaper ink
spilled upon the record of Stanford White,
"his best and most honored friends
raise not a single protest against
the flood of accusations with
which the press has been filled."

That is probably less sig-
nificant than the *Republican*
imagines, and by no means
warrants the inference that
White was too bad to be even
extenuated. What is probably
true is that Stanford White was
a sinner, but not a monster. One
thing that has probably kept his
friends from denying that he was
a monster has been their unwilling-

ness to make gratuitous public admis-
sion that he was a sinner. The other was, probably, that
there seemed to be no use of trying to stem the first flood
of sensational rumor, and it seemed better to let it run its
course until, later, it could be dealt with once for all and

completely. One can understand the lawyer who has charge
of Stanford White's reputation coming to that conclusion
and giving counsel accordingly.

Against LIFE'S Critic

FOUR judges of the Appellate Division of New York's
Supreme Court have handed down a decision adverse to
the claim of LIFE's critic that the Theatrical Trust has no
right to exclude from its theaters a citizen who has purchased
a ticket of admission and is not objectionable in his person or
conduct.

Judge Patterson, of the same Court, who also heard the
argument, dissents from this conclusion.

The decision virtually declares that the theater is not a
public place.

It also establishes the new law that a body of men may
gather together and inflict an irreparable injury on another
person, if their joint action is taken in the promotion of their
own business interests.

It practically does away with the section of the Penal
Code which makes business conspiracies punishable as
crimes.

It means that a Trust can do no wrong.

The learned Court's hasty decision will be reviewed by
the Court of Appeals.



SHAKESPEARE IN OPERA

The latest things in operas in London town these days
Are playful little parodies on Mr. Shakespeare's plays.
They put on "Hamlet" with a ghost who does a song and dance
And springs a moldy gag or two while all the chorus chants,
And Hamlet, on beholding him, lifts up a lively clog
And says: "Is that you, father dear, or just a London fog?"

When old King Lear goes maundering across the canvas lea
His graceless daughter winks and says: "Now, don't you Lear
at me!"

And Kent exclaims when through the storm he hears his monarch
shout:

"It's pretty windy, ain't it, King, to take these whiskers
out?"

And when his subjects hail the king the old man says,
complaining:

'Away with you! How dare you, knave, to hail when I
am reigning?"

When dark Othello from the wars comes double-shuffling
back

Iago says: "I'm scared of him because he looks so black."
And Desdemona's stifled while that villain calmly smokes,
Remarking philosophically the while: "I hope she chokes!"
And when Othello stabs himself, Iago, with a roar,
Shouts out: "There's always room where you are bound
for just one Moor!"

When Caesar gets the gleaming knives he's circled by a bunch
Of show girls, while lean Cassius mourns: "Twas too much
Roman punch!"

Macbeth beholds the aged crones dance round their bub-
bling pitch,
And asks them with a grin of glee: "Now tell me w'ich
is witch?"

They're turning crowds away, they say, and down by Avon's
wave,

It's said, the bard is turning, too—he's turning in his grave.
—*Montreal Star*.

SURE ENOUGH

CASSIDY: I see some wise scholard is claimin' thot Adam an'
Eve wuz Chinee.

CASEY: Tut! tut! man, shure they must a' been Irish. Wuzn't
they evicted?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

TOM: What are you going to do with that mouse?

DICK: Use it fer bait.

"For bait?"

"Yes, I'm going for catfish."—*New York Mail*.

QUESTION for debating societies: When a life insurance agent
tackles a book canvasser, will the canvasser get his life insured,
or will he sell a book?—*Somerville Journal*.

SENATOR CLAY tells of a negro who was elected a justice of
the peace in Georgia during reconstruction times. His first case
was one where the defendant asked for a trial by jury. The
negro justice presided with great dignity while the witnesses
were examined and the lawyers summed up.

Then everybody waited for him to charge the jury. He did
not know what to do. Finally a friendly lawyer leaned over the
bench and said: "Charge the jury! this is the time to charge
the jury."

The justice arose and looked at the jury. "Gentlemen ob de
jury," he said, "dis yer's a mighty small case an' I'll only charge
you-all a dollar an' a half apiece."—*Exchange*.



THE NEW JERSEY CONCEPTION OF PANDORA AND HER BOX

It is not necessary that a lawyer should be eloquent to win
verdicts, but he must have the tact which turns an apparent
defeat to his own advantage. One of the most successful of
verdict winners was Sir James Scarlett. His skill in turning a
failure into a success was wonderful. In a breach-of-promise
case the defendant, Scarlett's client, was alleged to have been
cajoled into an engagement by the plaintiff's mother. She was a
witness in behalf of her daughter, and completely baffled Scar-
lett, who cross-examined her. But in his argument he exhibited
his tact by this happy stroke of advocacy: "You saw, gentle-
men of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. What must
my client have been?"—*The Argonaut*.

BECAME DESPERATE

It was Friday. A large, muscular Irishman sauntered into a
Diamond Street restaurant and eagerly scanned the menu.
The waitress stood by patiently awaiting the order. From the
appearance of the man and the manner in which he perused the
long list of good things on the bill of fare, the girl naturally
expected an order for a full-sized meal.

"Ah," quoth the Irishman, as his eyes fell upon corned beef
and cabbage. "Begorra, that's a dish fit for a king."

But, alas! it was Friday.

"Give me some of the whitefish," he said.

"Very sorry, sir, but it's all out," politely answered the
waitress.

"Well, make it bluefish."

"Just served the last order to a man across the table."

"How about a nice piece of shad?" said the Irishman, smack-
ing his lips.

"That must be an error on the menu, because we have none,"
said the waitress.

The customer hurriedly cast his eye along the menu,
but finally threw it down in dismay. His appetite grew
more keen each minute.

"Well, give me a big, juicy steak," he said in a stern
tone. "Heaven knows I asked for fish."—*Pittsburg Sun*.

YVETTE GILBERT, the noted French actress, at a dinner
in New York, had been complimented rather awkwardly.

"Your intention was not bad," said the actress, good-
humoredly, in her quaint English. "But you were awk-
ward, I will admit that."

"So awkward you were that I am reminded of a happen-
ing, a Parisian happening. Listen. This is it:

"A Parisian gave a dinner. All the world was there.
Jewels glittered on white throats. Orders and ribbons
crossed white shirt bosoms. In a word, elegance complete.

"And after dinner, when the ladies had gone upstairs, the
men, over their coffee and cigars and liquors, talked, as men
will, of love.

"And all of a sudden the host cries in a loud voice:

"I will tell you, gentlemen, this is the truth: I have kissed
the dainty Japanese girl. I have kissed the South Sea Island
maiden. I have kissed the slim Indian beauty. And the
girls of England, of Germany, even of America, I have kissed,
but it is most true that to kiss my wife is best of all."

"Then a young man cries across the table:

"By heaven, sir, you are right there!"—*New York
Tribune*.

DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY COURAGE

"He has a great reputation for bravery, hasn't he?"

"I've never heard so."

"But I thought he called somebody a liar."

"Oh, that was only a United States senator."—*Cleveland
Plain Dealer*.

UNRELENTING DISAPPROVAL

"You must admit that our friend has the courage of his con-
victions," said one statesman.

"In the case of such opinions as his," answered the other, "it
isn't courage—it's foolhardiness."—*Washington Star*.

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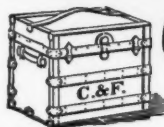
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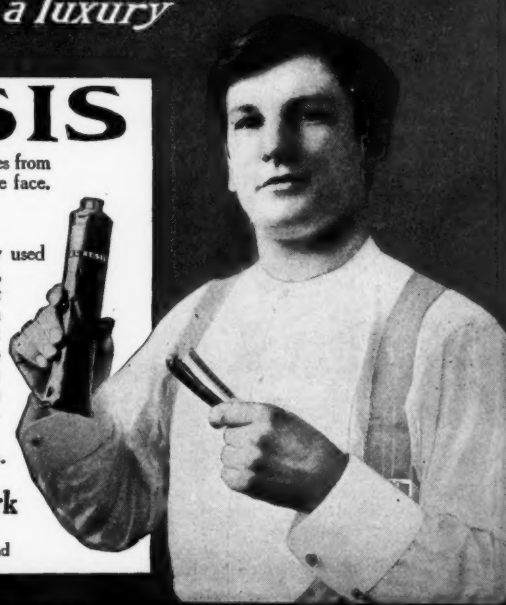
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A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION

"I am convinced," said the nervous man, "that we ought to rearrange our holidays."

"In what way?"

"So as to bring Thanksgiving Day on the 5th of July. I always feel most devoutly grateful then to find all my family with me uninjured."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the representative of commercial interests, "this pure food law is all wrong." "What's the matter with it?" "Matter? Why, man, if we couldn't adulterate the poisons we use in our fancy goods for table use, they'd be fatal."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HEALTH AND REST; NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

WRONG PARTY

MR. MAKINBRAKES (to chance acquaintance, whom he has met at a swell party): If you have any influence with Mrs. Upjohn, I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner. I'm frightfully hungry.

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE: Me! I haven't any influence with Mrs. Upjohn. I'm Mr. Upjohn.—*Tit-Bits*.

SLOW train, local time. Dispute between passenger and guard.
GUARD: Well, sir, I've been on this train, boy and man, for thirty-five year.

BITTER PASSENGER: Good heavens, man, what station did you get in at?—*Smiles*.

LEGAL REPARTEE

LAWYER: I say, doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down?

DOCTOR (dryly): Well, your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it?

"Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor."—*Illustrated Bits*.

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"What a lovely collection of odd cups!" exclaimed a guest, peering into the china cabinet. "Did it take you long to get so many?" "Oh, no," said the hostess, "those are samples of the sets we have had in the last two years!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

NOT WELL FIXED

"He isn't at all well fixed, is he?"

"Don't you believe it! You haven't seen him lately, have you?"

"No, but I know he doesn't make any more money now than when I saw him last year, and it was as much as he could do then to live within his income."

"Ah! But he's living beyond it now."—*Philadelphia Press*.

MOST IMPORTANT

"What is the most important thing about handling a sailboat?" The old salt looked the novice over thoughtfully and then replied, "Knowing how to swim."—*Washington Star*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

POUNDS AND QUIRES

"Judging from Miss Thumperton's treatment of the organ," sarcastically remarked the choirmaster, who objected to the new organist engaged by the rector, "you prefer to buy your music by the pound."

"Well," replied the rector, quietly, "it isn't always supplied by the choir."—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE DISCRIMINATING BIRD

"Polly want a cracker?"

The bird cocked his head meditatively.

"If you refer to one of those villainous detonations wrapped in red paper and associated inevitably with a wanton youth," he replied, "I am forced to answer your courteous inquiry with a decided negative."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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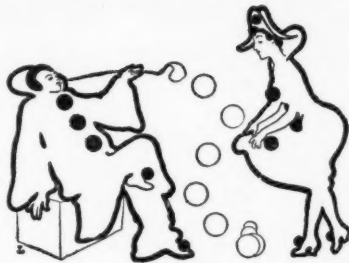
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